

Lies

by LilicaOtaku

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Summary: Thugs were common in the Underground City. Assassins were just as common, just more deadly. What happens when thugs and assassins cross paths?

Lies

Hello, everyone! This is my first story. I randomly came up with this story when I was nodding off in class. Please read and review. Thanks!

**Disclaimer: I do not own Shingeki no Kyojin. All rights goes to the author Hajime Isayama. **

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><p>Normal (3rd person) POV:<p>

The quiet streets were dark, faintly illuminated by the dim glow of candles from houses. Not only dark, but filthy as well. People who weren't fortunate enough to have shelter sat on the freezing cold floor against walls. All dressed in tattered clothing with mournful expressions on their countenance even in their sleep.

A slender, cloaked figure, came down the street, breaking the silence. The people who were awake turned their heads to look at the figure.

One man pounced on the figure, whispering, "Run! Dangerous! You'll be like us if you do-" before a hand found its way to the man's neck.

"Well, well, what do we have here?" The hand's owner asked, his hand still clasped tightly around the other man's neck.

"Let him go," was all the figure said.

"I don't think so, right Robert?" another man sneered, coming out of the spot he was hiding.

"Of course not, Marlon," the guy named Robert answered, before getting ready to snap the man's neck.

However, before Robert could tighten his grip or even blink, a silvery object flashed by his eyes. As quick as it came, it disappeared.

"AHHH!" Robert screamed, looking at his now bloody hand. The hand had a deep gash on it. The man who was in his grasp quickly fled from his grasp.

"Who...who was that?" Marlon asked, frantically looking around. His eyes widened. No one else could have done it except...the person standing right in front of him. Marlon immediately grabbed the cloaked figure, screaming, "It was YOU! WASN'T IT?"

"So what if it was me?" the figure asked, before scraping the knife against Marlon's hands. "Get off of me!"

The figure's hood fell off. "You're a girl!" both Robert and Marlon exclaimed. "Listen here little girl...you are picking a fight with all of us. I was going to make you into a servant, like those guys, but since you attacked us, prepare to die, brat!" About three more men appeared on the rooftops, smirking down on the figure.

Drawing their blades, the men moved to attack her, but she was faster. In a swift motion, she threw off her cloak, blinding Marlon, and stabbed Robert, who happened to be right in front of her. Robert's comrades howled in rage and closed in on the girl. The girl quickly snatched Robert's knife and threw both hers and Robert's knife at two of the four remaining attacking men. The blades found their mark, leaving only two more men. The two that were left slashed wildly at her, which she easily dodged, running to the fallen bodies. She pulled out the knives from the men's bloody chests and threw them at Marlon and the other man. One of the knives pierced the man's heart, but the other one only penetrated the last man, Marlon's, lungs.

The girl had missed Marlon on purpose. She slowly trudged up to him, smiling maliciously.

* * *

><p>Aikasa's POV:<p>

Living in the underground city was hell. All kinds of crimes go unpunished here. Murder and theft occur hourly. If you want to survive, you had to become a criminal; kill or be killed. People who were not strong enough died instantly. People are not your only enemies though. The lack of sunlight, therefore the lack of Vitamin D, had taken the legs of over 30% of the population. Once you lose your legs, you lose everything.

Rarely do people here get to see the sunlight: to go above ground. Most people live and die in this hole!

_These men, the guys named Robert and Marlon, think they can enslave other people? I looked at all of the people who looked petrified. True, I had killed four of them and injured one other, but who knows what they would do if I had left them alone. Besides, it's a job. Kill the five thugs that ruled the west portion of the city. Too easy; I was expecting some kind of challenge, but it turned out to be effortless. Seriously, how did these people become thugs? They hardly had any skill. _

Anyways, I couldn't let that happen. I walked towards Marlon, picking another blade on the ground. I smirked as I pointed the knife at him.

"Talk," I demanded, glaring at him. "Why are all these people here? What are you doing with them?"

"As if I would talk to you! You-" Marlon yelled, before I kicked him on the face. Blood trailed down from his nose, trickling down his chin onto his shirt.

"Talk," I repeated, holding the knife at his throat.

"I won't! I won't give into a g-" Marlon shouted, before I kicked him in the ribs, before hearing a crack sound from his chest. Upon further inspection, I had broken six of his ribs.

"Fine! Fine! I will talk! They...they are our slaves! We robbed their money and forced them to work for us! Everything they earned was split between the five of us!" Marlon spat out, before I slit his throat.

He dropped dead on the ground. I turned to look at the people whom they had enslaved. They all looked at me with fearful eyes.

"You're all free," was all I said, before I pulled out my knife from the corpses and walked away. However, there was a nagging feeling in the back of my mind.

Was someone watching me this whole time?

? ? ? POV:

Interesting...a girl taking down five men all on her own with no trouble. Is she who I think she is? She must be...

* * *

><p>How is it? Let me know please!

End
file.